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• May. 10th, 2011 at 5:38 AM

For **~~theinsaneeraser~~**: NC-17, Dean/Lucifer, collaring

Lucifer snaps the collar's lock closed, and that's it. Dean closes his eyes, and hopes that he's made the right choice.

He's beyond the point of no return, has no time for regrets, and Lucifer is curling two fingers under the collar and pulling him to his feet, out of the kneeling position. There's a brief kiss, but Dean returns it only half-heartedly, still caught up in the magnitude of what he has done.

There's a sharp pain across his face, and Dean blinks his eyes open to realize that Lucifer has slapped him.

"I did not do this to let you ignore me," Lucifer says, and then Dean is thrown back to the wall, pinned with invisible forces, helpless.

Lucifer approaches him, curls fingers around the base of Dean's cock and then Dean is bound there as well, a ring holding him back from release.

Dean opens his mouth to speak and stops himself just in time, remembering that Lucifer had mentioned disliking being talked back to.

"Good boy," Lucifer says, and then Dean is sliding down the wall, still frozen helplessly, and Lucifer catches his hips, thrusting in deeply, harshly.

Dean has to bite his lip to keep from crying out with the pain of it, and watches Lucifer watch him, watches how Lucifer's slowly loses focus, how his thrusts grow more erratic as he goes on, and watches how Lucifer comes silently, eyes closed, and Dean feels his body slump, his again to move, and he grips Lucifer's arms for support.

"Please," he asks through gritted teeth.

"No," Lucifer says, and runs fingers through Dean's hair. "You need to wait."